

*A little more of that Same:*

O R,

A Recollection of sundry Material Passages  
omitted in a late Treatise, entituled,  
*The Devil to pay at St. James's.*

PARTICULARLY,

The Downfall of *Bumbazeen*.

The Demolition of *Figg* the Prize-Fighter.

The Hurly-burly about a New Parliament.

With a Word or two concerning the Old.

A most surprizing Account of the Miracles  
perform'd by the Flying Afs at *Belfixe*.

A Proposal for the Improvement of Mufick,  
by manufacturing Eunuchs in *England*.

Concluding with

*England's* Joy, or the happy Type of an  
Union betwixt WHIG and TORY, in the  
Reconciliation of Mr. *Nathaniel Mist* and  
Mr. *Colley Cibber*, which happen'd at the *Vine-*  
*Tavern* in *Long-Acre*, on *Sunday*, the 16th  
Instant.

*Cum multis aliis.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for A MOORE, near St. Paul's, and sold  
by the Bookfellers of London and Westminster.  
M DCC XXVII. (Price Six-pence.)

A little more of that same:

Harvard College Library  
Greenough Fund  
October 11, 1950

A Recollection of Lady Ann's  
omitted in a late Treaty, entitled  
The Devil to pay at St. James's.

PARTICULARS

The Downfall of Bannockburn  
The Demolition of the Nine-Finger  
The History of a New Parliament  
With a Word or two concerning the Old  
A most surprising Account of the Miracles  
performed by the Flying Art of the  
A Prophecy for the Improvement of the  
by a remarkable Prophecy in England

Concluding with

English's Joy of the happy Type of an  
Union between Wale and Torry, in the  
Reconciliation of Mr. Nantwich and  
Mr. C. C. which happened at the New  
Tavern in London on Sunday the 18th  
Instant.

Can you be this.

Printed for A. Moore, near St. Paul's, and sold  
by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.  
(Price Six pence)  
DCCXXVII.



Am the worst Person in the World to be hurry'd; and the Dog of a Printer was in such confounded Haste for my last Treatise, I was obliged to leave off before I had well begun. His Importunities put a Thousand Things out of my Head I had intended to insert; so that I find myself obliged to apologize for its Incorrectness. But first, I think it my Duty to return my most humble and hearty Thanks to the King and Queen's most Excellent Majesties, and to all the rest of the Royal Family; as also, to the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the Privy Councillors; together with the respective Members of the Honourable House of Commons; as also, those of the Two famous Universities, the several Inns of Court and Chancery; with all, and singular my other Readers, gentle and simple, wheresoever dispers'd, or howsoever distinguish'd, for their gracious,



gracious, kind and favourable Acceptation of my last Lucubrations. Never did Book sell better; a sure Sign of the Merit of the Work, and the Approbation of the Publick. The Ladies are charm'd with it, for exposing those Rogues the Mercers in their *Bumbazeen* Tricks; and the Gentlemen, in Good-manners, dare not contradict 'em; so I am likely to write myself into a fine Reputation, it being an establish'd Maxim with me, to keep the Gown and Petticoat on my Side; that is to say, the Clergy, and the Ladies, and all the World besides must necessarily follow. As for the Clergy, I am their sworn Champion against the whole *Afinine* Race of Parson-hunters; and for the Ladies, whoever offends them must be sure to feel the severest Lash of my Pen.

Thus was it with the Mercers; they thought themselves safe in their Roguery; they saw the Ladies abandon'd by all Mankind; not a Writer left to plead their Cause, no courteous Knight, or gentle Esquire, tho' sworn to it by the Laws of Chivalry; the Ladies all the while complaining and appealing against the many Hardships they daily suffer'd, but in vain, till at last, rous'd by the Spirit of Knight-Errantry, and pierc'd to the very Heart by the lamentable Cries of Virgins, Wives and Widows, I took their Cause in Hand; and to my no small Glory, and their equal Satisfaction, have demolish'd, overthrown, and cut down their once so formidable Enemies; who  
rave



rave like Madmen, and raise my Fame by railing against me. Oh! how I hug myself to hear 'em curse me, yet not know me! Did you ever (say they) see any thing so silly, so scandalous? Good God! that People shou'd be taken with such low Stuff, such a Mefs of Medley, running from one Thing to another, and saying a Thousand Things in a Breath. Bless us! what is the World come to? How is the general Taste vitiated and corrupted? If such Things are tolerated, adieu to all *Politeless in Life*. That same *in Life* is a mighty favourite Phrase among these Gentlemen; it is of most wonderful Use, and extensive Application: But I hear it will go down with *Bumbazeen*, it being absolutely prohibited every-where Westward of *Temple-bar*, from and after the First of *August* next.

But after all, what a Dog of a Mercer was he, who sold Black *Anterine* for *Bumbazeen*, and to a pretty Widow too? How did he swear, lye, and protest, 'twas the best of *Bumbazeen*; that my Lady such a One, and Madam so and so, had Suits just cut off from the same Piece at *Six and Six Pence* a Yard: Yet, to engage her Custom, she shou'd have it for a *Crown*. But, good God! how great was her Disappointment when she found herself bit; she cou'd have torn the Deceiver Piece-meal. It was in this Mood I found the injur'd Fair; her Resentments fill'd me with the Height of *Indignation*: She look'd so lovely, I made  
 B her

her Case my own; I drew my Pen against the whole Community of Mercers, and have laid open their bamboozling Arts with such Success, I doubt not they will remember *Bumbazeen* the longest Day of their Lives.

Nor is this the only Lady they have deceiv'd; I have receiv'd Complaints from all Parts of the Town from Ladies, upon whom they have impos'd Cockled *Duroys*, and such like Trumpery, for *Bumbazeen*.

All which Particulars I shall publish at large, with the Name and Place of Abode of each Mercer offending, and Lady injur'd, in the Two *Folio*-Treatises promis'd in my last; this present being intended but as a gleaning of the Ideas which escap'd my former. For, as a careful and tender Mother gives her Child an Afternoon's Luncheon, lest it should faint between Dinner and Supper-time; so, my most dear Reader, do I reach out this Morfel to thee, to stay thy hungry Stomach, and allay the Keenness of thy Appetite, till I shall have finish'd the Two *Folio*-Volumes I have promis'd thee; and for which, no doubt, thou art in the highest Expectation.

In the mean Time, to the no small Loss of the Female World, *Bumbazeen* is fallen, and great has been the Fall thereof. I thought indeed 'twou'd never last long; that it came in too hot to hold; and that I shou'd see it as despicable as it was once famous: And indeed I prophesy'd its Downfal long before it came in. For, when *Figg*, the Prize-Fighter

Fighter was *cut down* (as the Gentlemen of the Broad Sword are pleas'd to term it) then did I, in Presence of many Noble Personages, openly and publickly declare, something extraordinary wou'd happen to these Kingdoms; and lo! my Prophecy is verifed in *Bumbazeen*, which came in like a Lion, and goes out like a Lamb: For, with such Pomp was it usher'd in, those who were out of *Bumbazeen* were look'd upon as out of the World; it made the Ugly agreeable, and the Ungenteel fashionable. Now it is equally contemptible, it scrubs the Flesh; and, in a manner, blisters those who have a tender Complexion: Nay, it is so harsh, that no Chamber-maid, who has any Value for a fine Skin, will accept it at her Lady's Hands. It perfectly goes a-begging, and must, I believe, come to the Groom at last, being, as several Ladies have solemnly declar'd, fit for nothing but Horse-Cloths.

But let us leave the Mercers at the Devil, and the *Bumbazeen* in the Stable: *majora canamus*, let us talk of Silk and Sattin, and mourn much in a little Time, that we may the sooner get into Colours. For, as little Miss is suddenly fond, and as suddenly weary of a new Play-thing; or, as a buxom Widow now prides, and anon hates herself in her Weeds, wishing the tedious Year of Dissimulation over; so do I (and I fancy it must not be much otherwise with other People) grow sick of Mourning; my Maid wishes my Weepers at



at the Devil; my Shammoy Shoes are already rusty, and my Hatband is a Load upon my Head. *Non semper erunt Saturnalia!* Surely these *Bum-ba-zeen-Days* will not last always! nor shall we long continue in this Magpye-Dress. I am impatient till I see the World appear in Splendor, till every Person's Habit corresponds with their Countenance. *Nunc est bibendum*, Sorrow's dry; we have been at a great Expence of Tears, let us recruit a little, lest we drain ourselves too much. Shall we have so good a King, so gracious a Queen, and not drink their Healths? Come, push it about, my dear Friends, *God bless King George, and Queen Caroline!* Oh! how sweetly it goes down! *Gluck! Gluck! Gluck!* Let us cast Care away, it's good for nothing but to kill Cats, an Ounce of Mirth is worth a Pound of Sorrow: Come, t'other Bottle, we must not forget Prince *Frederick*, Prince *William*, and the Five Young Princesses: What a glorious Race! What a hopeful Issue! And all Protestants! Not a Papist among 'em. Who talks of the *Pretender* there? I have nothing to say to him, he is a *Milksop*. We have a glorious Progeny of our own. When the Sky falls, he will catch Larks. In the mean Time let him suck the Pope's Toe, and snivel out *Miserere*; for my Part, I will sing *Nunc dimittis* and *Venite exultemus*: but not in *Latin*; no, not a Word of Popery, all honest plain downright *English*, as I am a True-blue Protestant. I hate the Devil, the

Pope,

Pope, and the *Pretender*. I am for Liberty, Property, and *Gibraltar*. Hah! hah! my good Friends, *Jack Spaniard* has burnt his Fingers there; he has snap'd short, he has sneak'd off like a Dog that has lost his Tail; he had better never have attempted it: I thought he would get nothing by the *English*. Pray God send it be a Warning to him for the future.

But now I am talking of *Gibraltar*, what think ye of a new Parliament? I mean new Members; for, if they choose the old ones afresh, it will be but the same over again. Now I wou'd have a spick and span new one, because I love new Things: Besides, the New striving to out-do the Old, we may reap the Benefits of so laudable an Emulation. Our News-Papers have long since been full of very fair Promises: For, as *Undertakers*, vulgarly call'd *Death-Hunters*, sollicite to bury a Man before the Breath is out of his Body, so did our modern Candidates begin to beg our Votes, before they were well sure of a Dissolution. Now, if this last Parliament had been continued, how would those Gentlemen have been bit, who had treated, advertis'd, begg'd and promis'd; nay, probably had given Earnest before-hand: for, as every Generation grows wiser and wiser, so new Employments constantly arise, among which are a Set of Traders, commonly call'd *Borough-Mongers*, who deal very largely that Way: Of these you may purchase a Borough, or Membership, with as much Ease as you wou'd a new Hat, Perriwig,

or Pair of Stockings, though not altogether so reasonably; nor need you stir over your Threshold to be elected; these Gentlemen take all the Care, and bring you every Thing ready done to your Hands, without any further Trouble.

However, to be serious, I wou'd not have 'em balk'd, for Trade-Sake; many a poor Landlord has no other Way of paying his Rent: And as for the Publicans, they wou'd starve, were it not now and then for an Election. They have had a long Vacation this Bout, and ought to be indulged as much in double Chalk as the Candidates must be in double Tongues: Besides, as they *fill the Hungry with good Things, and send the Rich empty away*, I hold 'em not only altogether excusable, but useful Members in a Body Politick.

Humility, the Prince of Virtues, wou'd be in a manner totally lost, were it not for Elections. An Election teaches People to converse like Christians: Knights, 'Squires, &c. then get drunk with Plowmen. Nay, there are those who forget their next-Door-Neighbours till then, and never speak to 'em, but at these Seasons.

One Thing I had forgot in my last, and in all Probability should have omitted in this; but that I beg Leave to mention it, now it comes into my Head, which is the Wonderful Flying Afs at *Bell-sze*. This Afs, the most intelligent of his Species, is a Prodigy of Nature, it being almost incredible to recount his many Excellencies: But, one  
Thing



Thing I take very ill at Mr. *Violante's* Hands, is, that he very unkindly denies his Afs to be our Country-man; and, in order to enhance our Esteem, has confidently given out he is of Foreign Extract. This is a manifest Piece of Injustice to the *English* Nation, who are robb'd of the Glory of producing such an Afs, which *Italy* must run away with. But, to explode so foul a Practice, the Person who sold him, has sign'd an *Affidavit*, which shall be inserted in the Publick Papers as soon as possible, specifying the Origin of the Afs, by whom begot, upon whom; with the how, when, where, wherefore, and every other particular Circumstance of the whole Affair, from the Beginning to the End. However, various are the Opinions of the Learned on this Head; Dr. *Swift* avers it to be a young *Houyhnhnm*; but how it got here, there's the Mystery. Dr. *Anodyne*, who is a great Strickler for the *Pythagorean* System, positively affirms, it is no other than *Jacob Hall* the late famous Rope-Dancer, transmigrated on Purpose to beat this vain-glorious *Italian* at his own Weapons. Which latter seems to carry more of Weight, and I believe, will more generally be credited. He further informs us, that this Soul has possessed two other Bodies between that of *Jacob Hall* and this Afs, namely, the one that of the late *Jonathan Wild*; the other a Bastard-Infant begot by a *Jew* on an Orange-Wench, and starv'd to Death by a Parish-Nurse. To prove which, the Doctor is writing a  
 Trea-

Treatise, illustrated with proper Cutts, in Defence of the Transmigration of Souls; which Treatise he generously proposes to give *gratis*, as usual.

In short, more is to be expected from this Ass than from *Peter* the wild Youth, he having much brighter Conceptions; and there is no Room to doubt but he will get first into his *Psalter*. He cannot yet speak, 'tis true; but then he converses with a great deal of Delicacy, by the Help of his Interpreter, a decay'd Gentleman, who, for many Years past has assisted at a *Pharoah-Bank*, and is acknowledged by all Hands to be a most excellent Master of the *Asinine* Language.

I cannot leave my dear Ass, without assuring my Readers, he is an excellent Judge of Musick and Painting, and will, no doubt, be the same in Poetry, when he has made some Improvement in the *Bellès Lettres*. As for Painting, the *Titian* of the Age has already dubb'd him a *Connoisseur*; and for Musick, he has a most critical Ear, even in the enharmonick Scale. His Voice is a deep Bass of the Pitch of *Palmerini's*, but he sings more after *Boschi's* Manner, excepting when he attempts to sing through the Nose, like *Senesino*; then indeed, he strains a Pitch above his natural Voice, which makes it somewhat disagreeable. He is not yet Master of Words; but runs Division on the five Vowels, and attempts at sundry Syllables, not much unlike *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la*. One would swear, to hear him at a Distance, he was a worn-

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out Singing-Master, who had crack'd his Voice with Solmization : But, as it is a Kind of good Deed to mean well, so I guess his Meaning by his Gaping ; and dare be positive, if he had been castrated in his youthful Days, he would have had a most excellent Voice. If so, what need we be at the Expence of importing Eunuchs from *Italy* ? Had not we better find a Mate for this Gentleman-like Afs ? If he should impregnate her, we may have a new Breed of Musical Asses of our own, who may be put young under the Surgeons Hands, and brought up to Singing from their Infancy ; so that we may have *Opera's* among our selves, and Asses enow of our own Growth, without importing any from *Italy*, or elsewhere : And no doubt, they will make as much of a *Drama*, and be as plainly understood, as the best *Italian* of 'em all.

But now for *Io Pean, Jubilate*, and all that's joyful ; great is the Oecasion, great should be our Exultation : I mean, a Union between all true *Protestants*, an eternal Abolition of those two *Holborn* Names *WHIG* and *TORY*, imported by the Devil from the Dross of *Scotland* and *Ireland*, and engrafted on our *English* Rabble ; who, rather than have no Mobbing-Work, will fall out among themselves : From them the Infection ran higher, and Gentlemen, nay, Noblemen, christen'd themselves *Whigs* and *Tories*, in Complacence to the Vulgar for Votes Sake : nor did it stop here, they had the Impudence to bap-

D

tise



rise their King, and call one a *Whig*, the other to a *Tory-Monarch*; when, in Effect, according to Co the original Sense of the Word, neither that of a fo *Whig* or a *Tory-King* is a good Character: It is no a Complement Posterity may take by the wrong tid End, when in the Annals of *Scotland* and *Ireland* and they shall read the Exploits of *Whigs* and *Tories*: the Therefore, I will and require all Persons, not to nin mention the Word *Whig* or *Tory*, from and after to the First of *August* next; at which Time the Word to *Bumbazeen*, and the Phrase *in Life* are also to ou expire, and never more to be mentioned. This M happy Turn, tho' it was not altogether brought at about, yet was pointed out to us by two Gentle- M men, each eminent in his Profession, namely, Mr. Sa NATHANIEL MIST, of *Great Carter-Lane*, Pa Printer, and Mr. COLLEY CIBBER, of *St. th Paul's, Covent-Garden*, Comedian. These Gentlemen do had so largely imbibed the Poison of Party, that be they were at Daggers-draw, and nothing less than Ca Bloodshed was daily expected: *Mist* lash'd *Cibber* C in his *Journals*, *Cibber* return'd the Favour in his O *Epilogues*. In short, they fell foul of each other, It Ding-dong, Pell-mell, Helter-Skelter; and there w was no appeasing them. *Cibber* swore what he'd M do to *Mist*: *Mist* said, he might *kiss his A—se*. la Thus, as one was furly, the other was stout, and C doleful Dudgeon eternally raged between 'em. *A* At last, sundry good Christians, right sorrowful to see a two such clever Fellows growl, and snarl, and v snap at each other; and being willing to set all to

other to Rights, and make 'em loving Friends and Cater-  
 g to Cousins; these good Gentlemen I mentioned be-  
 of a fore, divided themselves into two distinct Parties;  
 It is not discording, but concording; for their Separation  
 rong was only bodily, they being all of one Mind,  
 land and having all the same Good in View: One of  
 ries: these Parties call'd on Mr. *Mist* last Sunday-Morning;  
 to and after a Whet at the *Crown*, they all went  
 after to *Bridewell-Chappel*, from whence they adjourn'd  
 Word to Dinner, and thence to *Henly's Oratory*: Having  
 to stay'd Church-time, the other Party lost Scent of  
 This Mr. *Cibber*, till after Dinner, when they found him  
 ught at *Button's*, from whence *nolens volens*, they in a  
 ntle-Manner carried him to the *French-Church* in the  
 Mr. *Savoy*, he absolutely refusing to go to his own  
 ane, Parish-Church: So as he understood *French*, and  
 St. that was the nearest Place, they thought 'twould  
 men do as well as elsewhere. The Subject happen'd to  
 that be *Charity*, and was so well handled, that Mr.  
 than *Cibber* threw *Six-Pence* in the Plate, it being a  
*Cibber* Collection-Day. This was look'd upon as a good  
 his *Omen*; and from thence they went to the *Vine*.  
 her, It was some Time before the other Party came, in  
 here which Interval they took no small Pains to prepare  
 he'd Mr. *Cibber* for the intended Reconciliation. At  
 -se. last, in came the rest of the Company: But, good  
 and God! what a Scene of Rage ensu'd: for, even as  
 At *Hector* and *Achilles*, bristled up to each other; or,  
 fee as two furious Mastiffs tear the Ground, and foam  
 and with Rage, so did these Champions: They had  
 all cer-  
 to

certainly not only kill'd each other, but all the Company beside, if their Swords had not slyly been convey'd away before-hand. The Gentlemen pinn'd 'em down in two Elbow-Chairs, as no doubt, gentle Reader, a Nurse pins a Child in its Cacking-Stool: There they struggled and kick'd, but all to no Purpose. At last, weary of striving, they consented to hear Reason; when one of the Gentlemen shew'd 'em the Folly of their mutual Antipathy: next, he interrogated them separately, Why one call'd himself a *Whig*, and the other a *Tory*? and receiving no satisfactory Answer from either, he summ'd up the Evidence, convinc'd them of their Errors, made 'em bufs, and Friends; and so joyful was the Reconciliation, if they were not drunk that Night, they were very merry. Now 'tis nothing but *Dear Colley*, and *Honest Nat*.

And ever since, *they are as great as the Devil and the Earl of Kent*. May this teach all true *Protestants* to lay aside Party-Prejudice, and unite in the common Good. Our Gracious King has told us, he will not make Fish of one, and Flesh of another: how foolish, therefore, will it be for us to fall out amongst ourselves. He is *Pater Patriæ*, our common Father; and as we are all his Children, in a political Sense, let us shew ourselves worthy of such a Father; and by our Loyalty to him, and our Love to each other, make his Reign glorious, and our Lives happy.

F I N I S.